

HORTENSE, SHE TELLS A TALE,

OF WHAT BEFELL HER IN STAIR
BROOKLYN'S PALE.Two Sinking Villains Penned Her in a
Dungeon Dank and Drear (She'd Head
All That in Books; Shout Heaven
Her Was Near—And Now She's Home.Hortense Levy lives in Brooklyn. She
is 17 years old. At school she is considered
rather deficient in mathematics, physical
culture and nature study, but in English
literature and composition she scores
every month 98 or better out of a possible
100.These scholastic data are interesting,
in view of what subsequently happened to
Hortense.Monday morning she started for school
as usual. Monday noon she did not come
home to lunch. Her mother got nervous.
Finally she went to the school. Teacher
said that Hortense hadn't been there at
all. She had married her otherwise perfect
record by absence without excuse. Then
there were rumormongers and searching among
the Levys. When at 4 o'clock Hortense
had not been seen the facts were reported
to Capt. Maude of the DeKalb avenue
station. The captain put all his spare
detectives on the case. They hunted
through Brooklyn and Flatbush and the
does. No Hortense.At 7 o'clock in the evening the door of
the supperless Levy flat opened and there
was Hortense in the flesh—her clothing
slightly awry, but chipper and in good
spirits.After she had been embraced by the en-
tire family Hortense told this remarkable
tale."I was spirited away. As I left the house
two gentlemen approached me and asked
me to have some candy. I refused, be-
cause I remembered that I have been told
never to talk to strange gentlemen. But
they followed me. Suddenly, at the en-
trance to a dark alley, I felt a hand laid on
my shoulder and a voice hissed in my ear."This is the girl. She shall rue this
day!"It is a strange thing, but the imagination
of the novelist is often proved by the
events of real life. For example, the popu-
lar novel "She Loved a Sailor," which
Hortense, as all the Levys know, had a
habit of reading under the bed when no
one was looking, contains a passage just
like this. Yet truth is often stranger than
fiction, as the next canto of Hortense's
adventures shows:"The sack choked my screams. I felt
myself dragged to a cab and driven rapidly
away. When I revived—I had fainted
you know—I found myself in a dark and
poisonous cellar. Two men entered and
bound my hands."At this point all of the Levys wanted to
know what the two men looked like."One of them," said Hortense, "was a
man of handsome yet sinister aspect.
He wore a brown suit which revealed
rather than concealed the play of muscles
in the yet staid figure. There was
something in the glance he bent upon
me which alternately attracted and re-
pelled me.""Gracious!" cried all the Levys, who
have been more assiduous in studying
the market place than in acquiring a knowl-
edge of literature through Laura Jean
Liber."That's what I said," went on Hortense.
"But it didn't do the least bit of good.
Seizing my arms, the most villainous look-
ing of the duo bent me gradually to the
earth. Realizing that I was in the grasp
of a power beyond my strength I gave
way. He bound me, and, hurling me
into a corner, he cried:

"So much for this girl!"

"Did you ever hear the like?" said the
family."But Fate was with me," went on Hortense.
"I had not dined since morning and I called
for food. A panel opened in the wall of
the room and a scurrying meal was thrust
through. At that moment a voice whis-
pered:

"When I go, release the catch."

"Releasing all my strength," reached
through the opening. There was the catch.
I released it, trembling in every limb.
No one was near. I darted through and
stood upon a strange street."Strange, again, how truths anticipated
by fiction. Just such an adventure befell
the heroine in "Those Eyes of Blue," a
book which had been read by Hortense
the week before and dumped into the
ash can. No one but the cook recognized
this great literary coincidence. Hortense
went on:"I was alone on the streets of a great
city, but free. Yet the dread hour was not
yet passed. A hand was on my arm.
I turned. Before me stood the chief of
my persecutors. He said: 'Girl, you shall
not so easily escape me. Where was I to
let Heaven was with me. A stranger
of kindly aspect was at my side. He said
to the villain:

"You shall not touch the girl!"

"You are my daughter!" hissed my sinis-
ter persecutor."You lie! I am not your daughter!"
I said."Grou-pou lamb! What did he do?"
asked the Levys, as Hortense paused for
breath."He slunk away, My deliverer, who
was young man in a light suit, said:

"May I send you home?"

"Who are you?" I cried.

"You will yet know," he said. With
that he put me on the DeKalb avenue car
for this happened by the Brooklyn Bridge
—and was gone.""Chapter VI. of 'I Love You True,'" said
the cook, who has access to Hortense's
library."The Levys went up at once and saw
Capt. Maude. Hortense was too tired to
go with them, so the captain got only a
synopsis of the tale. That is why he sent
out all his detectives to look for a man
who is sinister yet repellent."But yesterday morning, after Hortense
had rested, the captain insisted upon
having her in private to the station and talking
to her in private. Mr. Levy waited out-
side the door."Papa," said Hortense, when she came
out, "the captain says that it isn't so. I
know he's right.""She gave us a shakedown of a night, but it's
all in the day's work," said the captain
yesterday."My daughter had a hallucination," said
Mr. Levy."I heard the third degree being adminis-
tered with a hair brush," said the janitor.Miss Hortense will be back at school
to-day.

HUNTER'S LETTERS OPENED?

Former Copper Man Charges That His
Mail Has Been Tampered With.BUTTE, Mon., Jan. 10.—F. A. Heinze, in
his testimony before a notary to-day de-
clared that some one in the postal service
also was in the conspiracy against him.He said he will say that any correspondence
through the United States mail that I have
had anything to do with during the past four
or five years has been so regularly tam-
pered with that I am very chary of com-
mitting anything to the mail. I don't
know who the letters have been opened
by, but I think it was by somebody who
was interested in them."

Richard Dorney's Wife Dead.

Mrs. Kate Dorney, the wife of Richard
Dorney, who was at one time Augustin
Daly's manager, died on Saturday in St.
Vincent's Hospital, and was buried yester-
day morning from the Church of the
Holy Innocents.

COLD CAUSE SORE THROAT.

Laxative Bromo Quinine, the world wide cold and
croup remedy, removes the cause. Call for the full
Bottle and look for signature of Dr. W. Grove. 25c.
—Ad.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The greater profit that comes from the
sale of women's clothes may be under-
stood from the way in which every shop
embarking in this industry ultimately
yields to its attractions. When haberdash-
ers begin to make waists for women
they usually end by giving up their original
business altogether. "The same thing hap-
pens when men's clothing stores add a
women's branch to their enterprises.""It's the increased profit that causes the
change," said a merchant who had passed
through it himself. We soon saw that
we can get much better prices from the
articles we make for women, though the
outlay is the same. Greater profit lies
always in dress for women.""Yes," remarked a young man in the
car, "I'm for the all night bank, but the
crying need of these times is an all-night
haberdashery. Listen to this tale of woe:"I had an invitation last night to an
affair that was just Bohemian enough to
begin at 10:30 o'clock, so that the theatrical
guise could come in on the thick of it,
and just conventional enough so that you
couldn't dare appear in business suit.
Now yesterday afternoon I remembered
that I'd dropped my studs out of my suit
case a few days before. So I went into a
haberdashery and bought a set of cheap
enamel ones, the kind that come apart
and fasten with a snap."About 10 o'clock I began to dress.
About 10:15 I put the studs in my shirt."They wouldn't work. I'm not enough
of a mechanic to know what was the matter
with them, but every time I expanded my
manly chest—bing! Out they popped.
I tried every game I knew on 'em for a full
half hour. No go. They would not stay
together."We have four men in our house. I
rushed from room to room to borrow.
Every one of them was out, and every one
of the landlady told me that she had worn
her evening clothes. I did burglarize the room
of the man I knew best of them all, trusting
that he might have an extra set and wouldn't
mind my using them. Nothing doing.
Finally, I stripped off my tugs, telephoned
to the hostess that I wasn't well and went
to bed.""Now suppose I had been keeping a girl
waiting? I say that this city needs all-
night haberdasheries."The popular downtown method of melting
snow in the cross streets, by building big
fires under the heaps in front of the stores,
is likely to be particularly hard on those
thoroughfares where the new wooden
pavement has been put down. The wooden
blocks are saturated with pitch, and when
the snow fire gets good and hot and burns
down to them there will be a series of
charred holes to spoil the smoothness of
the roadbed. The asphalt streets suffer
already in the same way.A New Year's supper given by the prop-
rietor of a hotel near Longacre Square
is still the talk of that neighborhood. Into
one of the subterranean apartments of his
hotel this proprietor mysteriously invited
some of his men friends. They were all to
come in fancy dress to a very quiet mid-
night supper. To a man they accepted,
and were at the height of their gaiety at
about 1 o'clock in the morning.Then the host let loose his little joke.
The door opened and the wives of all the
guests entered. As the party was still
stagnant at that time, the complication was
not so serious as it might have been.One of Theodore Thomas's brothers is
still living in this city and active in musical
affairs, although in a different way from
his more distinguished brother. He is the
ticket taker at the Philharmonic concerts
and can always be found in his place at
 Carnegie Hall.The youngest brother, the late
conductor, the youngest brother is
in the theatrical business.

COLD STARES FOR YOUNG GOULD

From Upper Classmen Only—Freshmen
Stand by Him—Tale of Revenge to Come.Kingdon Gould, not visibly impressed
one way or another by the attitude of his
fellow students, continued his college work
at Columbia yesterday. The fact that
most of his classmates in the school of
applied sciences seemed to approach his
course seemingly concerned him as little
as that most of the upper classmen greeted
him with cold stares. As usual, he arrived
at college in his automobile and walked
over to Schermerhorn Hall. He stopped
to speak to one or two of his intimates and
then took his seat in his classroom.The freshmen said that young Gould
has been working hard during the vacation
and has been making up the ground he
lost just before college closed and after
the shooting episode. He lunched at his
fraternity house and spent the afternoon
at work there. He did not seem at all
perturbed by the report that the sophomores
"entertainment committee," the Black
Avengers, intended getting hold of him
as soon as the shooting affair has blown
over.The sophomore society, despite its dimen-
sionless title, has serious ends and aims.
It was founded four years ago and now
numbers about fifteen. The names of
these men are announced in the year book
of the classes, when the sophomores have
become juniors. On many occasions the
sophomores have seized their intended
victims early in the day and have made
them expiate their "freshness" in some
secluded lot late at night. They wear
black masks. The pin borne by them
as juniors to show their membership is a
mask in black enamel.There is a little natural diffidence about
seizing young Gould now, because the
men realize that they will be suspended
if their identity can be discovered.The student board of representatives is
still talking about how to comply with
President Butler's wishes on the subjects
of cribbing in examinations, censoring news-
paper reports and other small matters.
They found it a hard task. Some science
seniors say that so widespread has crib-
bing become that more than half the men
in the school have cheated in examinations
at one time or another. Prof. Hutton told
members of one of his classes yesterday
that he had expelled three men for cheating
in the first few weeks of the present term.

DANGER TO PARK RIDERS.

If the 46th Street Entrance Is Opened to
Vehicles, Their Committee Says.The committee of taxpayers organized to
protect the bridge paths in Central Park
and their entrances met yesterday at the
office of Adriance Bush and heard his re-
port on the interference by automobile
drivers and others with the safety regu-
lations established by succeeding Park Com-
missioners for the protection of riders.
Mr. Bush thought that the Fifty-ninth
and Seventy-seventh avenue entrances were
safe, but strongly opposed any conversion
of the entrance at Sixty-sixth street and
Central Park West of other purposes than
an entrance for horseback riders.A resolution was adopted requesting
the secretary to ascertain the views of
owners of saddle and driving horses living
west of Central Park between Fifty-ninth
and 110th streets as to whether the
preservation of the entrance exclusively
for the bridge path should be changed to
desirable and whether it should be changed
to accommodate carriages, and automob-
iles. It was suggested that Dr. Henry
J. Thomas, the secretary, might acquire
information by sending to riders a copy
of the resolution, and asking for an answer
in the affirmative or the negative. He is ad-
dressed to him at 73 West Ninety-second
street.Letters were received from Hugh J.
Grant, President Wells, Commissioner Pallas
and James Butler showing that real lovers
of driving were not desirous of encroaching
upon the protection afforded to horseback
riders. Mr. Butler has written to Com-
missioner Pallas heartily approving the
wisdom of his regulations restricting the
entrance at Sixty-sixth street to saddle
horses, which are used largely by women
and children, who are entitled to special
protection by the city authorities.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

The new translation of Tolstol's works
about to be published has a "thought in-
dex." It is an alphabetical concordance to
every important thought and idea in the
writings, which will cover quite a hundred
pages. Probably some editions in the
future will have a thought guide or glossary
telling people what to think and what the
so called "thoughts" signify and when to
think and feel certain emotions. Such an
appendix might make Tolstol as popular as
Rider Haggard.Exactly half the novels printed by the
Appletons during the past autumn were
written by women, and Elinor McCartney
Lane, the author of "Nancy Stair" heads
the list as having written the most success-
ful book in point of numbers sold."Nancy Stair," which is now selling by
the tens of thousands, is being dramatized
by the author, in collaboration with Paul
M. Potter, whose work in dramatizing
"Tribly" is well known. According to the
present arrangements the play will be
brought out in March with Mary Manning
in the title role. It was Maude Adams
who first perceived the dramatic possibilities
of the book. Some one sent her a copy for
Christmas and she promptly wrote to Mr.
Frohman that she had discovered the mater-
ials for a great play. Mr. Frohman de-
legated Mr. McKee to find a dramatist and
the latter, discovering that Mr. Potter was
in town, persuaded him to undertake the
task.Meredit Nicholson, author of "Zelda
Dameron," which describes his own city
of Indianapolis, had rather an unfortunate
experience with one of his earlier stories
called "The Main Chance," which created
such a tumultuous row in Omaha that
the author has never dared to visit the
city since. The brothers and fathers of
several young women who were supposed
to have been the originals of "the girl that
tries hard," have threatened to horsewhip
Mr. Nicholson the next time he appears
in Nebraska. But any man would be proud
to stand in the relation of father or brother
or even a closer and dearer one to Zelda
Dameron, so Mr. Nicholson will doubtless
be allowed to dwell in peace in the city of
Indianapolis, which has never been honored
with literary distinction since Mrs. Henry
Ward Beecher, in 1850, made it the scene
of her somewhat glowing tale, "From Dawn
to Daylight," in which the good lady dealt
rather severely with some of her husband's
Indianapolis parishioners.The fact that Henry Harland, author of
"My Friend Prospero," is not in America
during Henry James's visit here is a dis-
appointment to both authors, who are most
cordial friends and both, more or less, ex-
patriates. Just as Mr. James was approach-
ing American shores after his foreign resi-
dence of some fifteen years, Mr. Harland
was forced by illness to seek the less rigorous
climate of Italy. Mr. Harland, who was
dangerously ill in the autumn is very much
improved in health and is engaged in putting
the finishing touches to a new American
novel to be published shortly in this country.Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, Oxford man, master
seaman, missionary, promoter of industry,
Magistrate, physician and helpful friend of
every fisherman on the Labrador coast,
is about to make one of his rare visits to
civilization and will reach New York the
later part of the month. A story from the
pen of this heroic and interesting man is
now in press and will be issued early in the
year.An enthusiastic young literary woman,
recently visiting in Dayton in the most
Joseph Sharts at the house of a friend.
"I can't begin to tell you," she bubbled,
"how anxiously I have looked forward to
meeting the author of 'The Hills of Free-
dom.'" "That's embarrassing," answered
Mr. Sharts, "because young ladies are liable
to form a very romantic conception of an
author and when they see the reality and he
doesn't come up to their expectations—""Oh!" she exclaimed, "on the other hand, I
was most agreeably surprised." And she
spent the next half hour in explaining.A. B. Filson Young, author of "The Comple-
te Motorist," in preparing to write his
book, spent six months making a most
thorough investigation of all the new
machines. He went directly to the factories
and made a detailed study of every im-
portant motor in existence, and during this
time he acquired a thorough knowledge
of the differences between American and
English business methods. While all manu-
facturers granted his request to study and
use their cars, in almost every instance
the permission was extremely slight in com-
parison with dealing with English
facturers, but entirely the reverse with
representatives of American firms, who
were more than willing to put every fact
concerning their productions at Mr. Young's
disposal.Violet Nicholson, whose pen name was
Laurence Hope and who was the author
of "Lidia's Love Lyrics" and the "Stars of
the Desert," died by her own hand in Madras
as a result of her intense grief over the death
of her husband, Lieut.-Gen. Malcolm
Nicholson, who died in August of last year.Mr. Robert Hunter, whose book on "Pov-
erty" is so widely read at present, is one
of the pioneers in the American settle-
ment movement, was at the head of the
University Settlement on Livingston street
and chairman of the child labor com-
mittee which brought about the passing
of laws protecting a quarter of a million
of children. Mr. Hunter became inter-
ested in the problems of the poor during
his college career and lived for some time
in a squalid tenement in the stockyards
district of Chicago. Later he was con-
nected with the investigation concerning
tenement houses in Chicago, in which Mrs.
Emmons Blaine was prominent, and did
valuable service at Hull House. He has
also spent some time studying at Toynbee
Hall in London, and in travelling through
Germany and Russia examining the
conditions of the poor in crowded cities,
especially in the ghetto of Warsaw. He
had the rare privilege of visiting Tolstol
in Russia and it would seem that he knows
quite enough about poverty to make
his book of great value and interest.The spread of vegetarianism, or at least
partial vegetarianism, is much wider than
most people believe and a large number of
literary people are in the class who have
eliminated meat entirely from their diet.
Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, author of "He
That Eateth Bread With Me," has for a long
time been one of the most earnest vegetarians,
and Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of
"In the Closed Room," lives entirely on
vegetable products, giving as her reason
that she finds it infinitely more easy to
write when she leaves flesh alone."The Self-Made Man's Wife," refuses
to remain in obscurity any longer, but has
come out with a series of letters to her son.
The book introduces another member of
the Graham family, a very lovable old
lady, with a great deal of old-fashioned
common sense; and the letters show that
she not only brought up the son in the
way he should go but that she had a gooddeal to do with the development of the
self-made merchant himself.A new poet has appeared on the literary
horizon, who is hailed as one of the elect
by Stoddard, Burroughs, Dr. Rolfe, Burton
and others. His name is Frederick Knowles,
who is perhaps more widely known as an
antiquarian and critic than as a poet. He was
last year secretary of the Boston Authors'
Club. Mr. Knowles's poems have appeared
in the best magazines and he has published
two books of verses, "On Life's Stairway"
and "Love Triumphant." His poetry
forms the subject for one of the longest
chapters in a book on "The Younger Ameri-
can Poets," published last autumn by a
Boston house.The unpublished journal of Henry D.
Thoreau, sections from which are to ap-
pear in the Atlantic Monthly for this year,
proves to be a literary treasure trove and
full of interesting matter. Notes on the
natural history of Concord and curious
bioculic stories are side by side with flights
of transcendental philosophy, and there is
an extraordinary range of quotable ap-
ophthegms from the idealist of "Truth strikes
us from behind and in the dark, as well as
from before and in broad daylight," to the
practicality of "When a dog runs at
you, whistle for him."Myra Kelly's stories of East Side school
children, called "Little Citizens," is shortly
to be brought out in England.W. F. Payson's story of Colonial days
called "Debonnaire," which was originally
written as a play and then recast in the
form of a novel, is now being considered
for production by the English actor George
Alexander.Adolphe Brisson, the French essayist,
has written "an appreciation" of Mme.
Adam, whose book giving her earlier ex-
periences has recently been published in
this country. The admiring Frenchman
writes: "Who does not know Mme. Adam?
Ambassadors have met in her drawing
room; poets have read their verses there;
philosophers and novelists have been col-
laborators on her review. She has acted,
thought, worked like a man; yet nature
endowed her with the qualities of a woman.
She is now past sixty, and she has as many
occupations—and pre-occupations—as a
prime minister. In 1880 her dinner, at which
Gambetta and Gen. Galliffet sat in state,
were of more importance than the official
repasts at the Elysee. The talk was fine,
the sallies of wit more frequent, great pro-
jects were conceived between the entre-
cote and the desert, and I fancy that often
the map of Europe was audaciously re-
modelled," and yet, on the great question of
women's rights, Madame Adam has written,
"A well-ordered home, in which all things;
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